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of motion or vitality, and therefore of likeness. With coat and trousers idealised in cut, and also made to reflect the movements of the limbs, the prevailing idea as to the impossibility of treating modern dress in a classical manner will disappear.

At the same time, a statue recently erected, and by a very good artist, though carrying out these principles, does not seem to have the due effect. This is Mr. Woolner's 'John Stuart Mill,' on the Thames Embankment. Here the coat and trousers abound in free folds and wrinkles, and seem to enclose a living body; but the result is prosaic. These *are* garments of every-day life. The cause of this shortcoming is that the artist has forgotten one of the principles we have been examining, and has produced a literal rendering of nineteenth-century garments, without attempting to idealise them. This is often the cause of failure where realism is attempted. The coat is given in its primitive ugliness and faithfulness, and the trousers are twisted round the legs in an equally natural but ungraceful way. This is no doubt intentional, and the effect produced is vivid enough; but then the subject is not lifted into dignity. The coat is straining on the button-holes, the trousers are drawn up as if too short, and tightened round in a very natural way, but without claims to beauty. Further, the material—bronze—does not seem to lend itself to the sinuosities and the square contour of the "frock," or to what Johnson might have styled "the tightened exiguities of the trousers." On the other hand, the great blanketing folds that may be seen in some of our more classical statues seem to have an extra heaviness from the material, and the subject carries a wrapper of metal. This effect is certainly produced by treatment of the material. The front skirt of a frock-coat and such square-cut corners seem to be leaves of metal, and the huge swelled folds to be "blobs" of metal congealed in casting. Now these two failures are entirely owing to want of consideration in the treatment of the material. The thin piece of cloth used in the front skirt of a frock-coat is in itself an exceedingly meagre and "poverty-stricken" mode of garment—it is so thin, so poor in extent of material. To be produced in so noble a material as bronze brings out the defects yet more, and this square corner would have much the effect of some sharp instrument with a razor-like edge. Nothing should be undercut,

and the projection should be apparent, but not real. But this only leads us to yet another most important principle, which is, that

Bronze only reaches its real use and dignity when expressing the human form, limbs, muscles, &c., and should represent dress only when the latter is an expression of the former.

This is to say, when the limbs, their form, power, muscles, &c., are still evident through this sort of rough skin or coating. It is still the human figure, though clothed, and its force caused the drapery or clothes to take effective and significant shapes; but, when a coat is tightly buttoned, and trousers, in default of room, have to be drawn up and shortened when the knee is bent, such elements become distortions and compromises, and cannot express the movement or powers of the human figure. This is the true principle and the true solution, and amounts to what was before insisted on, that a statue is a human figure clothed, not a suit of clothes with a human figure within. This principle, combined with the others we have been considering—viz., the aiming at a generic shape of dress—will certainly, to an important if not a very great degree, help us in the difficulty of treating the costume of our day. In truth, it is no difficulty at all, when genius and not "hodmanship" is concerned; and so long as lay figures and models are the artist's helps and main-stay, so long will he be held in a miserable bondage. Let him seize a spirited attitude, retain and reproduce it, the ordinary "lay figure" attitudes being at his command through a sort of instinct, being the A B C of his art.

There are many other points to be noted, but what we have been considering are suggestions of principles rather than principles. A study of Roubilliac in Westminster Abbey would be wholesome for our sculptors, whose great defect is a lack of spirit. There would be no fear of imitating his *flamboyant* extravagance. Nothing can be more admirable than the freedom of this artist, who, as the phrase goes, can "do what he likes" with his material; and, though he plays pranks such as the nobility of marble rather indignantly accepts, still such specimens as the Argyll and Nightingale tombs are worthy of admiration for, their expression and spirit. Some reform is certainly needed, for, with the rage for erecting statues that now prevails, and the paucity of good sculptors, the public eye is likely enough to be cruelly offended.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH ARTISTS.

GUSTAVE DORE.



HERE are but few of the living artists of France whose names are so widely known as is that of GUSTAVE DORE. Other painters belong to the select world of artists, connoisseurs, and amateurs, but Doré is beloved of the public. His name is a household word with many people who have never even heard of Bonnat and Bastien Lepage, Fortuny, or Madrazo. Indefatigable in his work, his ardour has known no diminution with the advent of success. His personality and his talent have often been discussed in these pages, so some facts respecting his career may not prove unwelcome.

He is an Alsatian by birth, having first seen the light at Strasbourg in the year 1833, so he is consequently still in the very prime of life. He commenced his studies at the Lyceum of his native city, but was sent to finish his education at the Collège Charlemagne, in Paris. At the age of six years his vocation had already revealed itself, his first school-books being pencilled all over with figures, animals, landscapes, &c., the first efforts of the talent that was afterwards to be consecrated to illustrating the "Inferno" of Dante and the "Contes Drolatiques" of Balzac. A few years later he was summoned before his professor for defacing one of his school-books, a history of France, by scribbling all over its pages. After treating the delinquent to a severe scolding, the teacher ordered him to bring forward the volume in question. Not only was every inch of margin filled with drawings, but the book had been neatly interleaved with blank pages, on each of which was an illustration. The professor turned over the leaves in silence. When

he came to the end he returned the book to the boy, with the remark, "You belong to the Art-world—not to ours." If that copy of the history of France could be discovered nowadays, what a prize it would prove to some one of Doré's countless admirers, and what an interesting study it would be to compare the first efforts of the child with the finished works of the man!

It was only a year or two later, when Doré was a little over eleven years old, that he made his first appearance before the public in a very modest way. This first publication, issued at the town of Bourg-en-Bresse, was a set of lithographic illustrations of the religious festivals of the neighbourhood. At the age of fifteen he contributed to the *Journal pour Rire* a set of caricatures of 'The Labours of Hercules,' a collection now out of print, but said to reveal in every line the presence of a master-hand. The success of this contribution was so great and so immediate that the gifted boy was at once offered a permanent engagement on the paper, which he accepted. In a year or two he was almost quarrelled over by the directors of the different illustrated newspapers of Paris, but the rapidity and facility wherewith he worked enabled him to satisfy most of the demands that were made upon his pencil. It is unknown even to himself how many drawings he produced during these busy years. They must be counted, not by hundreds, but by thousands. A complete collection of these earlier works would be most valuable as revealing his genius on the first *élans* of its freshness and fertility, but unfortunately no such collection is known to exist. Doré never made one for himself, and the numerous admirers who have attempted the task were always

obliged to relinquish their efforts in despair, on account of the great number of the illustrations, and the impossibility of finding many of them. Two of these, originally furnished to the *Journal pour Tous*, a collection of tales and novels, may serve as a specimen of what Doré's graver manner was at this time. In one there rises, ivy-clad and sinister against a storm-swept moonlit sky, a feudal castle in ruins, whose old towers still lift themselves aloft, erect and threatening. Above them the tempest-driven clouds wear strange, writhing shapes, like aerial spectres. In the foreground, amid the shadows, ancient and gnarled oaks are tossing their withered branches with gestures of almost human supplication to the unlistening heavens. In the background passes a white-robed female form with dishevelled hair, borne onward by a demoniac-looking steed. The whole is wild and weird as one of Hoffman's visions or Goethe's dream of the midnight ride of Faust and Mephistopheles. The other shows a long avenue of ancient oaks under the chill, grey atmosphere of a winter's day; the wind bears onward the last-fallen leaves, and at the end of the avenue are dimly revealed the crosses and tombstones of a village cemetery. Down the lonely road journeys a single traveller; he looks neither to the right nor to the left, he heeds neither the moaning wind nor the leafless trees, his goal lies before him, the haven of rest whither all whom he has loved have preceded him. The immense desolation of a life robbed of all love and joy by the cruel hand of death, and to which death only can bring repose or consolation, breathes from every line of this simple yet profoundly mournful design.

In the midst of this unceasing daily toil, the young artist conceived the idea of illustrating sundry of the works of the great writers of the world. At the age of twenty-one he published his first important achievement of this nature, his illustrations to Rabelais. This work, which is less known in America than are his later ones, is full of touches of an inconceivable humour. Therein he gave to the world a type of the jolly, rollicking monk which his imitators have not failed to seize upon and to vulgarise. Certain scenes therein depicted have never been surpassed even by his own pencil. There is in particular one illustration, representing a crowd of Capuchins waddling across a court, which is simply delicious.

A year or two later came his 'Wandering Jew,' the first of his productions that bore his name triumphantly across the Atlantic, and gave him a world-wide fame instead of a local and Parisian one merely. Few lovers of Art will forget the sensation caused by those weird and vigorous designs. Very wonderful is the art wherewith the vision of the Crucifixion is reproduced in every picture, amid the waving grass of the cemetery, the hurrying clouds of a stormy sky, the writhing waters of a tempest-smitten sea, always vague, menacing, and terrible. One of these designs stands out from the rest by the singular perfection of its effects. The Jew, bent, decrepit, and white-bearded, is traversing a village churchyard, the tombstones whereof, with their mortuary inscriptions, become mocking faces that leer at him as he passes; the vision shows indistinct amid the graves, shaped out by the long, waving blades of the rank grass, and overhead burns a lurid sunset sky. Then the scene of the shipwreck, where earth and sky seem meeting in one wild clash and clang of horrible uproar, and the haunted forest where the trees take human shape and action, and brandish their gnarled arms to denounce the accursed of Heaven, are both wonderfully fine. The ecstatic expression on the old Jew's face in the last illustration, when, amid the terrors of the judgment-day, he sits down to rest for the first time for centuries, is marvellously rendered.

'Les Contes Drolatiques' of Balzac came next, the young illustrator displaying therein the same vein of unctuous humour and of headlong gaiety whereof he had already given proof in his 'Rabelais.' In 1861 appeared the work that set the crowning seal upon his already brilliant reputation, and caused him to be hailed as one of the first artists of the world. This work was the illustrations to the "Inferno," which are too well known to the Art-loving public, both of Europe and America, to need more than a passing mention here. The first critics of France warmly hailed the appearance of this original and vigorous work. Particular praise was given to the manner in which the two figures of Dante and Virgil were treated, and the skill wherewith the monotony which might have been expected from the constant introduction of the same personages was avoided, without any intrusion of a theatrical

or exaggerated element. The peculiar atmosphere that hovers above the burning lakes, the seas of ice and the measureless abysses of the "Inferno," also called forth unmeasured commendation. That singular facility of painting the air, so to speak, is one of the marked characteristics of Doré's genius.

In 1853 he made his *début* at the *Salon* as a painter with three pictures—'The Two Mothers,' 'The Women of Alsace,' and 'The Child-Stealer.' His success, heretofore uncontested, was now to be warmly disputed; for Doré never is and never will be a colourist. His most important paintings are characterised by the crudity and violent contrasts of their hues. He delights in crude reds and glaring yellows, his moonlights are too blue and his foliage too green. Nevertheless, his immense gifts of imagination, composition, and expression, always lend to his works in oil a certain value. There is something grandiose in the immense canvases swarming with personages that he delights in executing. One of his paintings, representing 'Tobias and the Angel,' is now in the Luxembourg, but it is far from being an example of his best efforts in that line. The first of his paintings that created a marked sensation is a gigantic picture representing 'The Downfall of Paganism,' which was exhibited some years ago in London. Christ, preceded by his warrior angels, is in the act of hurling into the abyss all the false religions of the past, as personified by the gods of old and their symbols. The skill that is shown in massing and grouping so vast and varied an assemblage of characters is wonderfully great.

The Doré Gallery in London has been open for more than ten years. The remarkable fertility of ideas of the gifted artist and his rapidity of execution enable him to keep this permanent exhibition constantly supplied with new and remarkable works. The huge compositions that he sends to the *Salon* usually find their next destination on the walls of the Bond Street Gallery. It is, however, a rather curious question as to what really becomes of Doré's enormous paintings when their vogue in London is exhausted. Nobody can buy them, for the walls of no private house or even of any private gallery could afford them accommodation, on account of their gigantic size. Moreover, they are painted for exhibition and for future engraving, and not to suit private purchasers.

His devotion to the brush and palette by no means led Doré to neglect his pencil. On the contrary, one series of illustrations after another followed in rapid succession—'Atala' and 'Don Quixote' appeared in 1862; the 'Bible' in 1864; 'Milton' in 1865; La Fontaine's 'Fables' in 1866; 'The Idyls of the King' in 1867; Dante's 'Purgatorio e Paradiso' in 1868, &c., &c. Of late years he has turned his attention to sculpture, and with marked success, the weird vigour and originality of his genius being markedly apparent in his groups of 'Fate and Love,' 'Fame stifling Genius with Palms,' and the splendid vase which was one of the artistic triumphs of the latest Universal Exhibition.

In private life M. Doré is exceedingly charming. He is frank, lively, and unaffected, and, notwithstanding his forty-six years, possesses the blooming complexion and unfurrowed cheek of a boy of eighteen. He has never married, and there is a legend current that in his early youth he was deeply in love with a beautiful Cuban lady, who rejected his proffered suit because of his poverty and unconventionality of dress. He is a most ardent and patriotic Frenchman, loving his native Alsace with peculiar fervor. The first *Salon* that was held after the Franco-Prussian War bore a testimonial of this patriotic passion. Silent yet agitated throngs pressed around a picture, the figure of an Alsatian peasant-woman, life-sized and in mourning garments, leaning against a wall with the French flag in her hand, and a tricoloured rosette on her shoulder. There were no other accessories; there was nothing to tell the tale of war and woe and enforced annexation, save the drooping attitude and the expression of utter despair and abandonment imprinted on the strongly-marked features, and visible in every relaxed line of the sturdy form. It was a masterpiece of simple yet powerful expression. Doré also delights in painting the serried pine-forests of Alsace, from which he drew ideas for some of the wild forest-scenes in his 'Wandering Jew' and 'Don Quixote.'

The facility of his pencil is something beyond belief. He will stand, when wearied of more serious work, before a blackboard

by the hour together, creating scenes that he effaces as fast as they are completed — wonderful effects of light and shade, the moon rising behind a ruined castle on a rocky height, dim forest-glades peopled with fairy forms, a snow-covered waste with a black gibbet and hovering ravens, a ship wrecked and sinking in a lurid sea. A few rapid chalk-marks suffice to set these weird and imaginative designs before the spectator. Doré says that this pastime gives repose to his hand and exercise to his imagination. It is a pity that it cannot be enjoyed in some permanent form; it is hard that so much beauty and fantastic grace should perish, swept by a wet sponge from the surface of a blackboard.

In his gay youth he was an accomplished amateur actor, or rather improviser. It was his delight to get together a company of his friends and fellow-artists, and then, with the help of a half-dozen shawls, an old curtain, and a cushion or two, he would represent an infinite variety of scenes and characters, being by turns an Oriental pacha, a Spanish dancing-girl, or a Parisian rag-picker. It has indeed been maliciously said that his larger paintings bear more resemblance to the scenery and curtain of a theatre than to more serious work. There was question at one time of bringing out at the Gaîté a grand spectacular piece, founded on Danté's "Inferno," and with scenery copied from Doré's illustrations, but the project was relinquished on account of the probable expense. But the influence of his style is perceptible on the scene-painting of the present day at the Grand Opéra in particular, some of the finest effects in the scenery of "Robert le Diable" and "Hamlet," for instance, being direct copies of those to be found in Doré's wild and imaginative landscapes.

In the grand army of French Art, Gustave Doré holds the posi-

tion of a free lance. The Institute repudiates him, the great artistic cliques will none of him. He refuses to be fettered by their rules, to imitate their methods of execution, to be bound by their laws. He has never received full justice in France. The awards justly due to his talent are denied him, and his finest works, those that have stirred the public and the critics to loud admiration, are passed over unnoticed, while conventional mediocrity gains medals if not fame. Doré may console himself, however, with the thought that he has gained the two best prizes that the world can bestow upon an artist, namely, a world-wide fame and fortune as well. Nor has the Government been wholly unmindful of the great illustrator. He was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1861, and Grand Commander in 1878. The prices that he receives for his illustrations are very high. The Imperial Government in 1870 paid him five hundred dollars for the design representing the ghosts of the soldiers of Condé welcoming the armies of France to the banks of the Rhine. The engraving was published simultaneously with the declaration of war against Prussia. It was suppressed, after the first defeats of the campaign, and a copy of it is now rarely to be met with. That same year M. Doré signed an agreement with an English publisher whereby he contracted to furnish him with two hundred and fifty drawings yearly at the price of two hundred dollars per drawing. But this contract was soon dissolved by mutual consent, for Doré's art, vigorous and productive as it is, must move unfettered to preserve its spontaneity and its power. He possesses two studios in Paris, the one on the Rue Bayard, which has been already described in these pages, and also one on the Rue St.-Dominique. To this last the public is rarely if ever admitted.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE HUNT COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS.



HE collection of Mr. Hunt's works, which has been arranged in the galleries of the Museum of Fine Arts, in Boston, is by no means complete. We miss from it some of his most characteristic paintings; but it is sufficiently large to enable one to form a reasonable estimate of his probable position in American Art. Of course, in the case of an artist of marked influence in the community where he has lived, a full measure of the force of his ability can only be reached by taking into consideration the personal magnetism he may have exerted upon society. In the case of Mr. Hunt, this was a most important factor, and had quite as much to do with his success as his art.

Of a strongly positive nature, and having no doubts of the importance of his own mission in the community, and somewhat intolerant of the work and opinions of those from whom he differed, Mr. Hunt had the good fortune to live for thirty years in a city which, above all others in America, accepts and admires such traits of character. Had he been a man of less intellectual force, he would have still acquired in Boston influence and position by the sheer momentum of self-belief and self-assertion. But he was also possessed of a fine intellect, versatile in the arts, and of fine æsthetic perceptions. While we may hesitate to award him the lofty genius claimed for him by some of his more enthusiastic admirers, we gladly admit that he was an artist wholly in sympathy with his age, and his influence came so opportunely, and was so much more far-reaching in the community in which he lived than that of most American artists, that he may justly be considered a very important factor in our Art, as it is entering upon the third stage of its development.

It must also be acknowledged that Mr. Hunt's environment, after he settled in this country, was never wholly suited to the just expression of his powers. It is quite possible that it gave him a wider and more lasting influence and reputation, working as he did in a new country, than if he had lived and exhibited in the Art-centres of Europe, where great artists are so much more plentiful that it must be a very uncommon and original genius who there wrests from Destiny a wide and lasting renown. But, on the other

hand, Hunt found in Boston less of that intelligent, judicious, and impartial, and therefore also sometimes adverse, criticism, which is essential to the growth of a great and robust Art, whether individual or national. In other words, he too easily obtained a flattering position in the society in which he moved, while he did not sufficiently often encounter his peers or superiors in Art, and, unless the flint and the steel come in contact, the sparks do not fly. That Mr. Hunt's art was not enervated by the circumstances in which it grew, is evidenced by the fact that a steady earnestness, improvement, and growing originality are shown by this comparative exhibition of his earliest and latest works. After what has been said, it may surprise one to be told that another reason why we think he would have done far greater work if he had remained in Europe, is because he never had full scope for his powers in Boston. He is best known as a portrait-painter; but, notwithstanding the masterly portrait of Chief-Justice Shaw, which has very few equals in the history of American portrait-painting, the wide variety of subjects which occupied the brush of this painter showed that he was never satisfied to rest in that line of Art, but seemed ever conscious of ability to accomplish ideal compositions of a character far higher than any he achieved, until he received the commission to execute the noble decorative paintings which adorn the halls of the new Capitol at Albany.

In preparing those works, Mr. Hunt seemed first to find a theme worthy of his powers; what he might have accomplished in that department if he had lived longer, is of course conjectural, but his success in those two paintings gives us at once some adequate measure of the possibilities of his mind, and leads to the opinion that the unripeness of the country for such Art until recently acted as a detriment to the full development of the art of Mr. Hunt.

In considering more carefully the collection of his works, three ideas occur most prominently. The collection includes three hundred and twenty-one works, of which two hundred are paintings, and the remainder are charcoal-drawings and pastels. One is at once impressed with the versatility of the artist so remarkably represented here: portraits, *genre*, historical compositions, pastoral scenes, animals, landscapes, marines, and decorative works,